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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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The History of Perourou;

OR,

THE BELLOWS MENDER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[*Translated from the French, originally for the New-York Weekly Museum.*]

MY history is filled with events the most whimsical: condemned by my birth to vegetate in the most obscure class, I owe my elevation solely to the efforts of the malice of mankind. This vice, which in society causes the ruin of so many fortunes, fixed the solid basis of mine. I am married, rich, and, in short, happy in consequence of having been the docile instrument of the most cruel vengeance.

I was born in one of the little villages which are in the neighbourhood of Montelemart. My father had often made efforts, in vain, to rise above indigence. The last resource which offered itself to him in his old age, was to follow the trade of a *Bellows Mender*, which he had learned in his youth. It was then to this profession, assuredly not very brilliant, that I was destined, at the age at which it was thought I was capable of labouring, to gain a livelihood. I was satisfied, at first, with being under the inspection of my father, but my disposition and my address soon made me surpass him, and my ambition taught me to believe that my talents ought to be employed on a larger theatre. Some of my excursions, which did not extend beyond the gates of Montelemart, encouraged me more than I expected, and I determined upon seeking my fortune. After dedicating my savings to the solace of my aged father, I found means to collect a small sum, which put me in a situation to undertake a journey. I made my entry into that superb city with every thing necessary for my trade, and made the public square, and the most frequented streets, resound by crying, "Here is the bellows mender; who wish to have their bellows mended?" As I was young, well-shaped and active, I had much employment, and became the favourite of the chambermaids of the quarter I frequented, which was the utmost extent to which my ambitious views dared to carry themselves.

Returning pretty late one evening to my little garret, which served me for a shop and lodging place, I found myself accosted by four pretty well dressed young men, who appeared to be making a nocturnal promenade. We were in one of the most unfrequented streets of the quarter of St. Clair; —they joked one another on the lateness of the night, and cast some sarcasms on my trade of a bellows mender, to which I replied in a tone of raillery, which seemed to astonish them; they looked at each other in a most expressive manner, and immediately cried out, "Here is our man."—I acknowledge that these words made me shudder; I was alone, in the night, without any means of defence, and at the mercy of four vigorous bucks. What is to become of me? was the first reflection which presented itself to my mind. One of them, surmising the subject of my terror, said to me, in an affable tone, "Perourou," (this is the name which the people of Lyons give to bellows menders,) "Perourou," says he, "you have surely not yet supped any more than ourselves; will you accompany us? it is our intention to do you more service than you are aware of,—come, after supper we will talk to you: have no fear, we are honest lads; if you will enter into our schemes we will ask nothing of you but to keep a secret which can expose you to no danger."

There was in the voice of him who spoke something so mild; the proposition in itself was so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new friends, after passing through several streets, conducted me to an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six young men, who appeared to have been waiting with impatience for the others. A short explanation took place among them respecting me, and we then placed ourselves gaily at table. I succeeded in making the company laugh at some smart observations I made, and confirmed them in the good opinion it was necessary they should have before they disclosed themselves to me. The domestics retired, after having placed the desert on the table, and the assembly, which had been noisy until then, kept, for some moments a profound silence. At length, he who appeared to be the master of the house, spoke to me thus, "The ten persons with whom you have come to sup are all of Lyons; we are engravers; our genius, joined to what we obtain from our families, place us in an agreeable independence, and our talents give us a certain consideration.—But love and pride have united lately to trouble the happiness we enjoyed. In St. Dominic street there lives a picture-merchant, who is but an ordinary person, but he has a daughter of the greatest beauty. The city of Lyons, notwithstanding its extent and population, does not possess a female who can be put in comparison with this charming girl, endowed besides with all the qualities and all the graces which can be desired in so amiable an object: but this enchanting whole is shaded by one fault, and this fault is an insupportable

pride. Haughty in seeing herself the object of general observation, she believes that none but a prince dare to aspire to her hand. Her father, who has a good knowledge in painting, but is very confined in every thing else, has spoiled her by an adulation which reaches almost to idolatry. The reading of romances, her glass, and the continual incense of all about her, have changed self-love into vanity, her vanity into arrogance, and her arrogance into disdain for all those whose opulence or rank do not flatter her pride. But why should I speak in the name of another, when it is my own history I relate? I had the honour of gaining her acquaintance through my connections with her father. Sometimes she did me the particular honour to give me her hand to conduct her to the ball or the play. These slight favours turned my head; I believed myself to be loved because she preferred me, and I ventured to discover my pretensions to her father, who was favourable to my wishes. My family, my profession, my fortune, gave me the right of presuming that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady;—judge of my surprise, when on the first overture for this marriage, the haughty girl dared to say to her father, in my presence, with a bold tone, "Do you think, sir, that a young person like myself, was born to become the wife of an engraver?" I confess that this excess of impudence stifled my love upon the spot, and I retired precipitately with the single desire of being avenged. My friends, said I to those who are now about me, the affront which I have received is an outrage on all of us, undertake my defence; let us form a plan which will shew her in effect that she was not born to have the honour of marrying an engraver.—This is my history, my dear Perourou, do you feel sufficient confidence in yourself, sufficient discretion, to merit that we should raise you from your present state. Under the abject exterior which you offer, it is easy to discover that you have a mind and understanding superior; will you undertake to become the husband of an amiable woman, who wants nothing but her pride to be mortified, and her vanity punished?" "Yes," answered I, with assurance, "I comprehend the part you wish me to play, and will answer for it I fulfil it in a way which will not cause you to blush for the choice you have made."

The next morning we conferred together with that circumspection, which, from that moment has governed all our steps. I employed one week in washing myself night and morning to clear my skin; the most celebrated hair-dressers in Lyons, arranged and dressed my hair in the newest taste; my ten friends gave me a quantity of superb linen, elegant habits for all seasons, and they attached themselves so to my person, now become the work of their hand, that we were inseparable; every instant they found themselves instructing me. One learnt me to read, another to write; some notions of designing, a little music, and some other studies, occupied for three months, my time and mind. I soon perceived that this kind of life accorded perfectly with my taste; I even felt a desire to perfect those elements of my new education. To study became my governing passion; nature had given me the disposition, and a memory so extraordinary, that my young friends saw with surprise the rapid progress of their new disciple.

At length they found me fitted to execute their projects. I quitted my closet to take a vast apartment in one of the most elegant hotels of Lyons. The bellows mender disappeared, and in his place appeared the rich Marquis de Rouperou, one of the largest proprietors of the Mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title I presented myself to the picture merchant as an amatuer, who regarded but little the price, provided the articles were such as he approved of. An exact imitator of my learned masters, I had learnt to turn my rings, to make my watch repeat the hour, to shew with a thoughtless air a superb brilliant, to open an elegant box on which was a fancy portrait, which I modestly said was that of a sister very dear to me; in a word I sought to please, and I easily succeeded. But it was not sufficient to deceive the father, to fulfil the views of my protectors, it was further necessary to dupe the daughter. While I was reflecting on the means to arrive at this, the merchant informed me in a note, that he had just received from Rome a superb collection of engravings, and begged me to step to his house in the morning, as he did not wish to expose them to sale until I had first made my choice. I went without foreseeing the fate which awaited me. In place of being received by the father, as I had hitherto been, I found the daughter, or rather Beauty herself appeared to my eyes under the form of this adorable girl.

A gross exterior often incloses a sensible soul; mine, more susceptible of passion than libertinism, felt all the power of beauty. A new universe displayed itself before me; I soon forgot that the part I played was paid for:—a single sentiment absorbed all my soul, a single idea enchained all my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and appeared to hear with complaisance the disordered expressions which escaped my lips, in endeavouring to paint my rising passion. This interview fixed for ever my destiny; all obstacles disappeared before the emotion which my heart felt. This single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, that I might, by my abilities, be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some pretext for visiting the merchant's shop—every morning I had some trinket to shew Aurora, or some object of taste to consult her upon. It was the season for flowers, I hastened to offer her boquets composed of those which appeared to me best to agree with her colour; and my friends often joined to them a sonnet, or a madrigal, of which I had all the honour. Sometimes I surprised the eyes of this charming girl fixed on mine with expressions of tender approbation.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE life of a great man affords useful instruction, as well as great pleasure. From the history of an illustrious character the Moralist may learn his lesson, and the Philosopher deduce his causes and his effects. We behold vices to shun and virtues to emulate. Biography is a compendium of the Book of Nature, from which we may deduce a rule of moral, as well as of civil action, and learn to serve mankind, as well as serve our country.

Perhaps more remarkable traits were never combined in one man, than in M. ATTILIUS REGULUS. The age in which he lived, and the situation of the country, were such, as to lay open a wide field to an aspiring and persevering mind. A happy coincidence of circumstances elevated him to that rank in his country's honour, in which the genius of man displays its fertility, and exhibits its vigour. In him you may view a mind that soars above vain ambition, and selfish aggrandizement; in him you may behold the furies all united, and cruelty and savagism in their most glaring apparel; in him you may see the true and upright patriot, the defender and martyr of his country's honour.

This complicated character rose from obscure birth; he mounted the ladder of fame by the firm steps of true merit; having arrived at the summit of human grandeur, the glittering prospect that surrounded him

bewildered his imagination, and intoxicated his brain; he fell from the giddy pinnacle, and again felt himself a man, and died a sacrifice to Rome. He lived in the time of the first Punic war, at a time when the two greatest powers on earth were contending which should give laws to the rest of the world. Rome was yet but in the bud of that power and greatness which afterwards unfolded and matured. Commerce had not yet filled her coffers, nor time rendered her powerful by population. Carthage had acquired her greatest strength, and reached the height of national grandeur. The one was rude and inexperienced, the other civilized and cultivated. Thus circumstanced, the contest appeared unequal. Regulus, who was that year Consul, in conjunction with Lucius Manlius, was appointed commander and chief of the forces in Africa. When he heard of his appointment, he was surprised, and wished to decline the honour that was conferred upon him. Being asked the cause, he said, he wished to return to his family, and cultivate his little farm (consisting of but seven acres) for their support. An answer worthy of the greatest of men, an answer, that does honour to the age in which he lived. From whom could it be expected but from a Cincinatus or a Regulus? Illustrious men, such a love of domestic quiet, such a contempt of fleeting ambition, such a declination of, at best, imaginary fame, will redound more to your honour, will erect a greater and more permanent monument in the breast of a grateful and impartial posterity, than all the splendid conquests of a Semeramis or an Alexander. The repeated requests, and implicit confidence of his talents as a general, and firmness as a warrior, that was placed in him by his anxious countrymen, induced him to accept of the command. His country found in him the wisdom and intrepidity of a hero, and his enemy felt the vigour of his arm.

But we are not a little surprised, when we learn, that a man who was capable of uttering such sentiments, who possessed such prudence as a citizen at home, and such magninimity of soul as a warrior abroad, should ever let ambition seize the reins of reason, should ever suffer the fire of sympathy to be extinguished; and that heart which once melted at distress, and felt the feeling of family care, to become as bloody as the ravenous Hyæna, and as hard as the adamantine rock. After he felt himself in power, after success had elevated him to that station which fitted him to display, and enabled him to exercise the noble virtues of the mind, those tender and generous feelings were lost in the power with which they were clad. He no longer acted the part of a great and good general, but exemplified the tyrannical and barbarous character, which was afterwards acted and improved upon by many of the Emperors of Rome. When supplicated by the Carthagenians for peace, who were worn out by long and destructive war, and reduced to the last stage of misery, he, ignoble, insatiate, blood-thirsty conqueror, refused it, except upon such terms which any people would reject, at the peril of their lives, and destruction of their country. Carthagenians, though conquered, were not subdued—Liberty beat high in their breasts—They chose rather to die freemen, than live slaves.—With one bold and generous voice they rejected his unjust proposals—The arm of despair was raised——and nerved for Liberty, it struck a deep wound into the enemy. The fortune of war was reversed, and in a few days the glory of this proud, haughty, imperious monster was eclipsed, his power blasted, and he, weak man, laid humble at the feet, and exposed to the mercy of those very men, he, a few days before, had so contemptuously treated. Xantippus, a Spartan by birth, took the command of the Carthagenian forces. Great preparations were made on both sides, for now they were to fight the battle that was to determine the fate of one or the other of the contending powers. Carthagenians, brought to the last extremity, were bold through necessity, and headed by an experienced general, they gained a complete victory over their enemy and the ungenerous Regulus, together with five hundred of his men, were taken prisoners. Carthagenians, who were always desirous of peace, now wished to make a treaty with the enemy on reasonable and honourable terms. Regulus was thought the best person to send or accompany the proposals, inasmuch as he would have great influence over the Senate of Rome. It was likewise thought that he would be anxious for peace, as he might then have himself freed from the chains of captivity. He was, however, first sworn to return back to Carthage, if the Roman Senate refused to compromise.

Regulus well knew that the Senate would act according to his wishes, he well knew that it would be disadvantageous to his ambitious country to treat with them at that time, and he well knew that death would be his lot, if he returned to the injured and enraged enemy without a treaty. This was the moment to try the citizen, the patriot, the guardian, the husband, the father. The Senate, when they heard the conditions on which he came, readily acquiesced, if he desired it. But he peremptorily said it was disadvantageous and impolitic to treat with them, that he was then an old man, and ready to die for his country. His family implored his stay, his fellow citizens importuned him to remain notwithstanding the oath he had taken. Thus then had he the three great alternatives before him, either to do that which injured his country, to violate his oath, or suffer an excruciating death. He chose the last, and returned to his captivity, and bore in death all the torments which an ingenious people could invent, or revengeful minds suggest. POPLICOLA

A SHORT SERMON.

THE following *Sermon* was delivered by one who had been often called upon to preach upon charitable occasions, but whose prolixity was not approved;—being afterwards called to serve upon a similar occasion, and recollecting what had passed, he entered the pulpit, and named his text, which was from Proverbs, chap. 19th, ver. 17th:—"*He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.*" Sermon: "*Respected hearers, if you approve the security, bestow your money.*" A handsome collection was made.—Improvement:—"*Go and do likewise.*"

CURIOUS DECEPTION.

THE late empress Catharine of Russia, was on a progress thro' a part of her dominions, deceived in regard to the population of the district thro' which she travelled, by a contrivance of Prince Potemkin, which deserves to be generally known. He made slight temporary edifices, with fronts painted so as that they had, to transient observation, the appearance of handsome dwellings newly built, to be erected in assemblages, here and there, on the roads by which the Empress travelled. The peasants, for 20 leagues round, were assembled to people the temporary villages. Their flocks and herds grazed on the surrounding plains. The empress was delighted to survey a country, so rich and flourishing; and considered the prosperity which she beheld, as a noble proof of the benificence of her administration. But she no sooner passed, than the fairy villages disappeared, the peasants dispersed, with their flocks and herds, to their wonted dwellings, and the scene remained desolate, and almost without inhabitants, as before.

VISION OF MATRIMONY.

(CONTINUED.)

THE fifth that came up was *Dick Needy*, he carried off a rich widow worth £.200 per annum:—this couple, said I, want nothing to render them happy, but LOVE,—"better," said the angel; "they had that, if they should be destitute of all the rest."

The sixth that entered, was *Froth Fribble*, he made his first address to the daughter of a very respectable farmer—he had a fund of pedantic prattle, almost inexhaustible; and harangued her like an attorney.—But she seeing his pride and the naughtiness of his heart, immediately rejected him, and shortly left the plain in the arms of young Trader Trusty, a genteel merchant in a neighbouring town.———His next choice was the amiable Miss Leonilla Vanity, a young heiress; she was mightily delighted with the elegance of his snuff-box, and her soul was charmed with the neatness of his pantaloons. She was just on the point of consenting; but he not willing to give his affections wholly to one female, though never so handsome, gave her the slip—and turning to an innocent creature that was employed in finishing a piece of printed calico with her pencil, lectured her so effectually that each took the other's hand, and immediately left the spot; but to my surprise, I saw him in a few minutes return to the assembly, dressed in a new suit, and his peruke new powdered, whilst his tender consort followed at a distance tearing her hair, and crying, that her innocence had fallen a victim to the villainy of an unrelenting and perjured man.

"After this manner," said the angel, "has this prodigal behaved this many years, until he has spent a large estate in support of his vices, having yet the audacity to visit this assembly, and still wonderfully well received."

The seventh that entered, was a little fellow in the attire of a footman—he marched up with a bold and undaunted appearance to a middle-aged female who was dressing herself at the toilet, with the greatest diligence. Her looks were dull and languishing, her complexion pale, the rose was faded on her cheek; but she was endeavouring to repair it by some gentle shades of rosepink.

As she appeared to belong to some illustrious family, and an unequal match for a footman, I made bold to ask my Instructor who she was. "This," said he, "is the remains of the celebrated Coquetilla, who was, about sixteen years ago, the greatest beauty of the age, and received the addresses of all the gentry in the kingdom—but she was so fond of conquest, that she could not think of yielding her charms to one man, while she was able to subdue the hearts of a multitude—and as Caligula wished the Roman people had all but one neck that he might have the pleasure of cutting it off, so she wished that all the youth of the kingdom had but one heart that she might have the pleasure of conquering it!—Thus has she sported away her time, until youth and beauty are fled—and, having cultivated no mental, to fill the place of personal charms, she is not now able to conquer a single heart, save that of this poor *Harry-pad*, with whom you saw her agree."

The eighth that entered, was *Jonathan Sober*, he made several advances to ladies in the upper circles of society; but, being drest in a plain habit, without any embroidery, his hair unpowdered, and being naturally tacit, could not shew himself to advantage; and moreover his snuff-box being not the most handsome, he met with but a cold reception among the fashionable part—whereupon I heard him say, he would shew to the world that he esteemed the VIRTUE of the HEART more than the *glittering* of the *outside*; saying, this, he stepped into an adjoining field, where he met a sober-looking nymph, just returning from milking, to whom he expressed his love with such undissembled fervour, that, being no longer able to withstand the genuine impulse of nature and the persuasive eloquence of his tongue, she, with a becoming modesty, gave consent, and they retired to the matrimonial vale. "Here," said the angel, "you may observe, that the man of solid sense and sound judgment, whose exalted soul scorns to submit to those trifling qualifications, which constitute what is called *a fine gentleman* is often looked upon as *a stupid* or *silly fellow*: whilst the vain beau, the empty pedant, the proud fop, often pass for men of genius and spirit."

The ninth man that entered, was *Dick Weathercock*, he was dressed in a snug, gray coat of home manufacture, but I soon discovered that it possessed all the changeable qualities of the Camelion: for the next time I looked at him, it was changed into a shining green; in which fashion, he blustered about among a tribe of admirers:—but when I beheld him again, it had undergone a new modification, from which I understood, that, of such a peculiar nature was his coat, that it could assume whatever hue was most fashionable in the company—I was informed that he would even throw it off on occasions, to make himself agreeable to those with whom he wished to be intimate, and at other times, would pass for a plain man by covering it with a great coat which he had for the purpose.—

For such time-serving manners he was hissed at by the whole assembly: nevertheless, I saw him carry off a youth that was handsome, modest and apparently good-natured. "Be not surprised at this," said my Instructor, "although his coat changes colours, *there is money in his pocket*, and this female, although she is naturally of the most amiable disposition, has had the misfortune to be born of indiscreet and narrow hearted parents, who have given her judgment a wrong bias. Her father is Stephen Purseproud, and her mother Barbara Pennywise; they have both taught her from her youth to consider wealth the sole happiness of a reasonable creature, and to acquire it, *the chief end of man*—and upon these principles has she acted at present.

The tenth man that entered the plain, was, *Francis Avarice*, he shuffled a while through the assembly, diligently peeping into every corner, from which I thought he was in search of some extraordinary beauty; but I was convinced of my mistake by seeing him pick up a little, old creature, whose shoulders peeped over her head, as if they had been bidding each other good-morrow.—her nose was aquiline, resembling the great claw of a lobster, to which her chin was so near a neighbour, that one would have thought they were going to form a junction for some offensive operation—her teeth were black and rusty as tobacco-pegs, and so defective that when she pressed her jaws together they joined like the teeth of a rat-trap—her legs were small and crooked as a pair of pot-hooks—she had withal such a hump, that I asked the angel simply, what she carried in her knapsack; he told me that "her person was beautiful compared to her mind—that she was peevish, turbulent, apish, and forward—that there was poison continually dropping from her tongue; but that she possessed an income of five hundred pounds per annum; for which, said he, this worldly-minded wretch is willing to forego all the real enjoyments of life."

The eleventh that appeared, was *Bumper Quaff*, he was drest in great fashion; and, mounted on horseback, rode up to the assembly, full gallop—his eyes sparkled with the juice of the vine, and being in high spirits, and impatient to arrive at the gaol of connubial bliss, addressed several ladies with great warmth—he sometimes harangued them with the most flowery and high-flowing speeches,

and then let burst a torrent of oaths in confirmation of what he had said.

I soon discovered he was in favour of the politer part, and heard one whisper to another, 'this man is a man of spirit;'—but in the middle class, he experienced a reverse of fortune: for applying to the prudent daughter of Edward Husbandman, I heard him swear by all the ruling powers, that it was at her command, to give him either Heaven or Hell; to which she answered, that it was not in her power to give him either; but as to the latter of the two, it was to be feared some would find it without her assistance: being thus repulsed, he retired from the seat of Rural Virtue, and, turning to the scenes of higher life, he carried off the heiress of the Right Hon. Ralph Vanity, of whom I had occasion to speak before.

(To be concluded next week)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO POPLICOLA.

I Acknowledge my request has met with earlier attention, and perhaps more candour than I ought to have expected; and as I at present do not mean to question its being a friendly disposition, that pervaded the mind of *Poplicola*, I wish to treat his opinion with that civility to which similar dispositions are entitled: though at the same time I may inform him, what he has offered is far from being satisfactory. In the first place, though I did not enquire (and humbly hope I need not) by what means to obtain, or preserve inviolate the quality of keeping a secret, I perhaps ought to thank him for the advice of Johnson, he has so freely communicated, as he may possibly suppose, I, as one of the female sex, may stand in need of it.—As to its "being universally admitted, that women have a greater propensity to talk than men," I beg leave to enter my protest; for I certainly consider it no other, than the opinion of a few men, great with self-importance in the imagined superiority of their gifts; and I am convinced in my own mind, were those duties assigned the men, that are at present intailed upon the women, they would bring no great honour to themselves.

Supposing I were to admit "men have more subject matter for conversation," which I believe is correctly advanced, (owing to their necessary pursuits) is it not ungenerous to infer, that women can supply that want, in no other way but by sacrificing the secrets of their friends? surely it is: I can assure *Poplicola*, with, I think, as much candour as he has evinced, that I, at present, do not recollect to have met with any who have stood more in need of Johnson's advice, than some of the men. He observes "there have been a *few* eminent women,"—I thank him in behalf of the sex, for *that* condescention, though I could have wished him to have humbled himself so far, as to acknowledge, there may have been thousands, whose eminent virtues only slumbered, as there were no great events to arouse and reveal them; owing to which probably the inhabitants of the earth seldom behold, and know, a *Cincinatus*, a *Tell*, or a *Washington*.

ELIZA.

SUFFOCATION BY CHARCOAL.

The Life restored by Mr. HARMANT.

[In the Repository of the first instant, (page 7) the reader will have noticed a melancholy instance of the fatal effects of burning Charcoal in a close lodging room: a similiar circumstance occurred lately at Easton, by which two young men lost their lives. The night being extremely cold, and the room in which they were to sleep having been recently plaistered, they placed in it a large pan of lighted charcoal, and retired to bed late in the evening; early the next morning they were both found dead. Other cases of the same nature have frequently occurred—the subject claims the attention of the friends of humanity. The following case of the RECOVERY of a person suffocated by charcoal, may perhaps prove of use. It is extracted from the Transactions of the Humane Society in England, into which it is copied from a French memoir; and appeared in the Hudson Balance the 4th instant.]

"I was sent for by *M. de Potier*, to attend his cook; but, as I was not at home, they had recourse to another physician.—This gentleman judging, from the appearance of the patient, that it was an appoplectic fit, he ordered the remedies usual in such cases.—They concluded that the patient was *absolutely dead*, and from that moment every remedy was discontinued.

It was not before *two o'clock* in the afternoon, that I was informed either of the invitation in the morning, or of the state of the patient. I ran to his assistance; on my entering the doors, the other physician happened to meet me, told me *the cook was dead*, and that every kind of aid had been administered in vain.

The numerous attendants were already preparing for his funeral ceremony—I immediately examined his body with the strictest attention;—and *I found his face livid, and a little swollen; the eyes half open, bright, prominent; the mouth closed, teeth fixed, the neck enlarged, the belly very much swollen; there was neither pulse nor respiration.*

I concluded that the appearances were the effect of *vapour of lighted charcoal.*—The girl had carried up, the preceding night, a brasier with charcoal; the next morning, when she went into the room to awaken him, she found him in the above situation.

I ordered him to be *placed naked upon a seat in a court by the side of a fountain.* I began with throwing cold water in his face by glassfuls, and desired the assistants to follow my example; but they complied with reluctance, *being prepossessed that the man was dead*, and that my attempts were fruitless.—The attendants began to despair, but I assured them that they would perceive their error. They renewed the plan, and threw the water with greater force, and more frequently, than before, which soon produced *a slight hiccough—This having struck them like a* RESURRECTION, the noise thereof was soon spread throughout the mansion, and several persons of distinction ran to the place; I ordered the administration of cold water to be continued in their presence frequently, and by glassfuls. The hiccoughs became stronger, and more frequent, and I perceived that the teeth began to relax. I introduced liquoris cylinders between the teeth, to prevent their fixing again; and we soon perceived the efforts of the air attempting to enter the chest, and of the chest endeavouring to distend and contract itself. Spanish snuff was blown into the nostrils without this effect; but he moved his head, and his hands, as if he wished to raise them to his nose. This gave the highest satisfaction to the company.

The projection of water was continued with vigour, and the frequency of the hiccoughs increased proportionably. This remedy excited a slight vomiting. I had already spent *three complete hours*; and had advanced no farther than to the symptoms mentioned above: but they portended a perfect cure.

The continuance of this simple remedy, at length procured a vomiting of frothy matter. The body began to be agitated, all the members, particularly the fingers and toes became violently contracted.—In a word HE UTTERED A CRY. I and my assistants redoubled the *projection of the water*, which produced a fresh discharge, with new attempts to respire.—I was persuaded, by the most urgent entreaties, to convey the patient from the open court, where we all experienced the severest cold, into a warmer place. At first I opposed their

entreaties, but was at length obliged to yield to the request of his relations. He was conveyed into the kitchen; but what I had feared and predicted came to pass. The patient *relapsed* into his former state of insensibility. We were obliged to open the windows and doors, to obtain the greatest degree of cold possible, and renewed the projection of water.—*Three hours more* were employed, and about nine o'clock in the evening the subject *began to cry out with violence*, and was seized with an universal trembling. I now ordered him to be put to bed.

I visited him again, and found him sensible, but his belly was distended, and shiverings at intervals. I ordered a glyster, a ptisan, and also the vulnerary mixture, with the liquor mineralis Hoffmanni. These medicines having appeased the latter symptoms, I learned the next morning that he had passed a good night. The pulse was become more regular, the shiverings and pain in the head less, and there only remained a sensation of fatigue, and a small distension of the abdomen.

IMPORTANT QUERE.

Of what Complexion ought a person to be?

[*From the Monthly Mirror.*]

IN my younger days, I had a school-fellow, a good honest lad, who was very fond of reading Robinson Crusoe, and wished, of all things in the world, to live like him, upon a desert island; when a little older, he could not be easy till he embarked for the West Indies, on the way he encountered a few storms, was obliged to eat rancid beef, and drink nauseous water, &c. by which he was for ever cured of his crusaic whims.

He thought it better, therefore, to earn his living in a cultivated island; became an overseer; at last, owner of a plantation; realized a small fortune; and returned to his native country. He brought with him a young female negro, whom he had taken under his protection; when left an orpan in the twelfth year of her age. In her thirteenth, he was pleased with her; in her fourteenth, discovered she was handsome; in her fifteenth, he fell in love with her; in her sixteenth, he attempted her virtue; and as the good creature had, by tears and entreaties, dissuaded him from his purpose, in her seventeenth, he even wanted to marry her.

One morning, he entered my chamber in evident agitation.—"Dear friend," said he, "I am in love with a young girl, whom you know. I am pleased with her heart, sense, person; in short with every thing but her complexion; for she is *black*. Now, in our whole family we never had a black face, except my old aunt's, who, in her youth scorched it with gunpowder. To be sure, the girl is much more beautiful than my old aunt; but I don't know whether I should marry her. It is evident that negroes are not human beings like ourselves; because God has not given them the same complexion; and you know, whenever we wish, by a comparison, to express the difference of things precisely opposite, we say, they are as different as black and white.

He reasoned long on this point, and at last, without staying for my reply, he went to offer his hand to the young negro.

A few hours after his visit, the girl herself came to me.

"Oh, Sir," said she, "I am in love, and I don't know whether I should marry him whom I love, or not.

"How so?" answered I, "Is he old or ugly, ignorant or ill tempered?"—"No, replied she, he is *white*. Forgive me if I speak frankly; for you are white too. I think, if God had intended that the white people should really be men, it could not have cost him any more trouble to have laid the last hand upon them; to have stamped them with the seal of perfection; in a word, to have made them black. For without this colour, man is surely, only like a piece of outstretched canvas which requires the painter's art, before it can represent any thing." She said much more on the subject, and paused at intervals, in expectation of my answer. I appointed her to come on the following morning, before which time I would duly consider the subject. In the mean time, however, she went and married my schoolfellow. This pleased me; for after the mature deliberation of four and twenty hours, I had not discovered whether both were right, or both wrong.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I Beg leave, through the medium of your Repository, to ask Mr. H. of Bordentown, *in what manner*, "the great age of the antedeluvians, the deluge, and various other phenomena, recorded in sacred writ," *are* "irreconcilable with the Newtonian System?" SCIOLUS.

—

We hear great talk about modern discoveries concerning the sun. *Quere*, If those Philosophers continue their researches, will they not soon be as wise as Anaxagoras was 2300 years ago, who is said to have believed, that that luminary was a flat mass of hot iron—red hot, I suppose; and as big as a mountain? S.

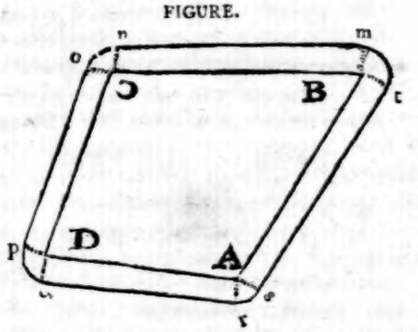
SOLUTION

To the Mathematical Question proposed in page 7 of the Repository.

LET *ABCD* represent the pond. On the sides conceive the rectangled parallograms *At*, *Bn*, *Cp* and *Dr*, constructed, all of equal breadth; and also, on each of the angular points, *A*, *B*, *C*, and *D*, as centers, suppose the sectors *Asr*, *Btm*, *Cno*, and *Dpq*, to be described with a radius equal the breadth of the aforesaid rectangles: then, it is manifest the area will every where be of equal breadth. Now, it would be easy to prove that the four sectors, taken together, will be equal to a circle whose semidiameter is the breadth of the area.

Therefore putting the sum of the sides $(143)=a$; $3{,}1416=b$, $700=A$; and $x=$ the breadth sought, we have bx^2 for the area of the sectors; and ax for that of the four rectangles. Therefore $bx^2+ax=A$, from which $x\{=\sqrt{\frac{A}{b}+\frac{a^2}{4b^2}}-\frac{a}{2b}\}=4.458$ +

FIGURE.



SCIOLUS.

SOLUTIONS TO T. D.*'s QUESTIONS.*

1. *Attraction* is the effect of an unknown power or principle in nature, whereby bodies, and the particles of bodies, mutually tend towards each other.

2. *Attraction of Gravitation* is the effect of that power or principle, by which *all* bodies tend mutually toward each other.

3. *Reason* is that faculty or power of the soul, whereby it distinguishes good from evil, and truth from falsehood. Or, it is the power of comparing several ideas together, and drawing consequences from their agreement or disagreement —But *Instinct* is a natural disposition, or sagacity, whereby the possessor is enabled to provide for it-

self; distinguish what is salutary and good, from what is noctious and evil; and also, to propagate and preserve its species.

4. The *cause* of the *Tide*, (for I know of no *unreal* cause) is the same with that by which the earth and moon are kept in their orbits; *i.e.* the attraction of gravitation.

As these questions have, a thousand times, received such answers as the nature of the subject, or the advancement of science, would admit; I know of no design the proposer can have in view, unless he intends favouring the public with more satisfactory solutions, than have heretofore been given.

SCIOLUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Ye sons of Science, that grace D. Hogan's page,
Pray try your skill to find a Lady's age,
Where x, her years, and y, her months declare,
From equations below find the age of the fair.

$$\left\{\begin{array}{l} x^3 \times \overline{y^3 x^2}\,|^{\frac{1}{2}} = 2834352, \\ y^3 \times \overline{x^2 y^2 - 5\frac{1}{2} y^2}\,|^{\frac{1}{2}} = 500823. \end{array}\right\}$$

N. MAJOR.

PHILADELPHIA,
JANUARY 15, 1803.

Benevolent Society.

AT a meeting of the Society on the 7th inst. the following members were elected to serve on the Visiting Committee, for three months ensuing, viz.

First Class, { ALEXANDER URQUHART, DAVID HOGAN.

ON motion, it was resolved, That the thanks of this Society be presented to Dr. FELIX PASCALIS, for his humane and disinterested attention to the sick poor, who have been recommended to the care of the *Benevolent Society*, during the last year; and that he be requested to continue his benevolent services. Also, that this resolution be published in two or more newspapers.

By order of the Society,

RICHARD WEVILL,
Secretary.

Cliosophical Society.

THE members of the "CLIOSOPHICAL SOCIETY." are requested to attend a meeting of said Society, at Mr. Samuel Passey's School-room, (in Watkins's Alley) on Wednesday Evening, the 19th inst. at 7 o'clock precisely.

SAMUEL S. WORTH,
O. A. T. P. A. R. F. C. S.

January 15th, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTOWN, (PENN.) DEC. 19.

A SINGULAR NARRATIVE.

A letter dated Canonsburgh, Dec. 3, 1802, written by Samuel Gordon, and directed to Joseph Hays, of this town, contains the following very remarkable circumstances. The facts are stated precisely as we have received them, and the account is corroborated by another letter, received by another gentleman of this town, on the same subject.

The Rev. John Watson, (who had presided over the academy at Canonsburgh, in Washington county) and the Rev. John Moorehead, were married (by the Rev. Mr. Marquis) to two daughters of the Rev. John M'Millin, on the same day. They both laboured for a considerable time under a consumptive complaint, both died on the same day, (viz. Dec. 1, 1802) and were both interred on the same day, and in the same grave. And the same minister who married them delivered a very affecting sermon on the occasion.

A French paper mentions a circumstance of a young man in Dijon, who was 16 years of age, and who had been an ideot, and blind from his birth, whose ideotcy disappeared on receiving the use of his sight, by means of the operation performed upon him by Citizen FORLENZ.

M. Brera, in Italy, has recently ascertained, by a variety of experiments, that medical remedies, incapable of being taken in by the stomach, may be with great advantage, applied by friction over the skin, so as to affect the whole vital system in the manner desired.

Capt. Hutchins, in his passage from South Carolina, to Boston, caught a shark, with 44 young ones, all alive.

EXTRAORDINARY PARROT.

A few days since died, the celebrated Parrot belonging to Col. O'Kelly. This extraordinary creature sung a number of songs in perfect time and tune, and if she ever made a lapse, she would stop, and go over the passage until her ear was perfectly satisfied. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner nearly approaching to rationality. Her age is not known, but it is upwards of 30 years since the late Mr. O'Kelly bought her at Bristol, for 100 guineas. The body was dissected by Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Brook, when the muscles of the *Larynx*, which forms the voice, were found, from the effect of practice, to be uncommonly strong; but there was no apparent cause for its sudden death. *Lond. Pap.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 4th inst. at Pottstown, by the Rev. Slator Clay, *Samuel Chandler*, Chaplain in the service of the United States, to *Mary Benezet*, daughter of Philip Benezet, late merchant of this city.

———, on the 6th inst. by Robert Wharton, esq. Mr. *James Steel*, merchant, to Miss *Eleanor Roberts*, both of this city.

———, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. *Thomas Little*, of Delaware county, (Penn.) to Miss *Eleanor Osborne*, of Wilmington, (Del.)

———, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. *George L. Allebin*, to Miss *Luby Post*, both of this city.

———, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. *Maskell M. Carll*, Teacher in the Young Ladies' Academy of the city of Philadelphia, to Miss *Margaret Kauch*, of the same city.

———, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. *Perce Maher*, merchant, to Miss *Ellen Byrne*, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 1st inst. in the 71st year of his age, *Joseph Hillborn*, esq. for many years a respectable merchant, and useful citizen.

———, At Springfield, Montgomery County, on the 2d inst. Mr. *William Hicks*, in the 68th year of his age.

———, on the 6th inst. *Archibald Monctieff*, esq. late Secretary of the Baltimore Insurance Company.

———, on the 10th inst. of a wound received from one of his companions by the firing of a gun on New-Year's Eve, *John Elwicker*, about 16 years old, son of poor widow in Camptown, Northern Liberties.

———, at Paris, *Cambaceres*, uncle to the second Consul.

———, in England, the Rev. Dr. *Hunter*, author of Sacred Biography, translator of St. Pierre's Studies of Nature, Sonini's Travels, and Lavater. Also, the celebrated Dr. *Arnold*.

TO CORRSPONDENTS.

The more important a subject is, the greater the necessity to have correct and well-arranged ideas, when we attempt to write upon it—A deficiency in this respect renders *P——s'* attempt at the sublime perfect *bathos*.

Upon examination, *W C.*'s nautical question noticed in our last, is found to be extracted from a work published many years ago, and generally known.

Old Conti, on the long-agitated question respecting the *commencement of the century*, shall have a place in our next.

The editor feels gratified by the remarks of a subscriber in New Haven, and hopes that the Third Volume will prove, at least, equally amusing and instructive. He would be happy to comply with his request, but Mr. C. declines publishing any more of his Lectures at present: it being inconsistent with a plan that he has arranged. The editor further informs the gentleman, that *all* the papers at this office, which are sent to the country, are put up *under cover*; the blame of their being soiled, therefore, must rest somewhere else.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

It is at the request of a particular friend (whom it is my happiness to oblige) that I send, for a place in your entertaining Miscellany, the following lines, versified from an author of purity and nerve, though not quite so fashionable as some of the miraculous wonder-working manufacturers of modern romance. Independently however, of this apology, I think the sentiment in it is good, and turns very handsomely upon a just and striking figure; and, consequently, that Mr. H. will be prevailed upon to permit it once more to see the light,—its appropriate element.

ALEXIS.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS:

A SIMILE.

AS in the silver stream the cygnets play,
And chase their shadows on the wat'ry way,
Still as they urge their speed to reach the prize
Swifter each phantom its pursuer flies:
So Man for Happiness some image woos
Which him as swiftly flies as he pursues;
Nor once reflects, his fancy only wrought
The much-lov'd image thus so fondly sought;
And, though it ever wakens new desires,
'Tis but a form, and from pursuit retires:
Hence, may Man's Happiness be term'd the Shade
Of calm composure, by Contentment made;
Which always follows where Contentment goes,
And knows no residence where none she knows.

Fix, then, th' original within thy breast,
And *with Contentment Happiness shall rest.* A.

ADDRESSED

TO THE

BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

THE day was dark, the piercing north wind blew;
And cold exerted all its chilling power;
The rattling hail wrapt in the tempest flew,
No sun was seen, all nature seem'd to lour:

When at my door a gentle tap was heard;
Come in, I said—a female slow drew near,
Pale want thro' all her scanty garb appear'd,
And o'er her cheeks roll'd down the briny tear.

The chair was offer'd, next the cheering fire;
But no, the mourner had no time to stay,
Her tender charge did all her time require,
A little infant's cries bade no delay.

You knew, she said, Honorius once so kind,
Whose friendly heart could well divide its store,
To ease the torments of the troubled mind—
But ah! my dear Honorius is no more.

The raging fever snatch'd him from my arms,
Nipp'd all my budding joys, no more they'll rise:
Distressing poverty my soul alarms,
And comfort only waits me 'bove the skies.

Six little prattlers, one but two weeks old,
With anxious looks demand a mother's care,
Request protection from the pinching cold—
She gives a tear, 'tis all she has to spare.

She ceas'd;—Fear not, God will protect, I said;
He's still the widow's friend, the orphan's stay,
His pow'rful hand supports the stranger's head,
And kindly guides the trav'ler on his way.

By him, the tow'ring eagle is supplied,
The raging lion, and the timid deer,
The rav'nous shark, bold rover thro' the tide—
And has his children any cause to fear?

Depend on Him....*Religion* lent her aid,
Peace, gentle peace came down from heav'n to bless;
Pale Despair fled—the Widow, undismay'd,
Saw smiling Hope approach to ease distress.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Hail, *Sons of feeling fine!* ye heard her sighs,
Ye saw her wants, her smiling little band:
Ye gave....and Prudence all her want supplies,
And all her little lispers bless the hand --

Nor her's alone....wide spread your tender care:
Tho' SMALL YOUR MEANS, yet, like the Widow's oil,*
Some still remains, the wretched get a share—
Ye pour the balm, and the afflicted smile.

Go on, ye feeling Philanthropic Band!
Sweet is the task—God smiles, the God of Love
Blesses the MITE from the dispensing hand,
Repays the gift in mercies from above.

BENEVOLENCE, how sweet!! that knows no bounds
No sect, no colour: where distress, *there* stand
The friends of man, alert to close the wounds,
And Consolation waits on their command.

So when the arid fields, parch'd with the heat
Loose all their verdure, languid looks the plain;
God sends his show'rs, the scorching rays retreat,
The flow'rs bud forth, and all is sweet again.

* 1 *Kings xvii.* 14. X. W. T.

WINTER.

(CONCLUDED.)

SEE the storm gathers in the threat'ning sky,
A dark and dreary horror spreads around,
The north wind lifts its awful voice on high,
Roars thro' the vales and makes the hills resound;
Thick the drifting snow, and overwhelms the ground.

Loud howls the tempest o'er the boist'rous deep,
The shiv'ring sailor shrinks before the blast,
The foaming billows o'er his vessel sweep,—
Now rais'd on high, now in an abyss vast,
(Chill'd by the piercing cold) the hapless wretch is cast.

While all is wrapp'd in night's terrific gloom,
No friendly ray of light assails his eyes,
The trackless ocean, (that tremendous tomb
Where many a wretch in death's cold slumber lies)
Embraces in its bill'wy arms the hapless prize.

Oh Thou GREAT POW'R, who rul'st the bois'rous main,
"Rid'st in the whirlwind and directs the storm,"
Who seest the poor storm-beaten sailor's pain,
O save him, save him from impending harm,
Lull the destructive tempest, and its rage disarm.

* * * * * *

Return my muse, to the warm cheerful fire,
Where safe, I can the raging storm defy.
Where peace and comfort, cheerfulness inspire,
And social friends the passing hours enjoy
In conversation sweet, in bliss without alloy:

Or listen to the legendary tale,
Of ghosts that wander mid' the gloom of night,
Of shadowy heroes, cloth'd in coats of mail,
Who bravely perish'd in the bloody fight,
And on th' ensanguin'd plain oft meet the wand'rer's sight—

Of love-lorn swains, whose grisly spectres fly,
In some lone wood athwart the midnight gloom,
And often meet the affrighted fair one's eye,
Whose cruel scorn has doom'd them to the tomb,
To bury all their sorrows in the earth's cold womb—

Or wither'd witches riding through the air,
While close together croud the simple crew,
And seiz'd with sudden fear begin to stare,
And think to see a meagre ghost appear,
When the loud howling of the furious storm they hear.

But rather would I seek the social friend,
Whose heart is honest, and inform'd his mind,
Or the gay circle of the fair attend,
And from my brow the wreaths of care unbind,
And with delighted eyes, see charms and sense combin'd—

Or listen to the soothing voice of song,
Which to the heart resistless makes its way,
Melodious strains by angel-voices sung,
To pity, sooth, or melt in love away,
And ev'n to savage hearts emotions soft convey.

And now while angry winter scowls around,
While plenty fills your overflowing store;
Full many a wretch unnumber'd woes surround,
Sick, friendless, housless, feeble, old and poor,
Condemn'd to supplicate for bread from door to door.

Let gentle pity warm the feeling heart,
And let not av'rice the small boon deny,
To the poor suff'rer ev'ry aid impart,
Wipe the sad tear from mis'ry's pallid eye,
And spread around you, plenty, happiness and joy.

CARLOS.

The reader is requested to correct the following error which occurred in transcribing the former part of this poem, viz. in ver. 7th, lines 3d and 4th, for,

Which from all waking eyes are still concealed,
While active fancy, &c.

Read

From waking eyes by nature's hand conceal'd,
Creative fancy, &c.

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository, are respectfully informed, that their 27th payment of 25 Cents, will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.*